

Song: Lily of Barbary

Just a cabin boy on a Whitby trader Mediterranean Sea,
Bound for Malta's strand
The 15th day of June 1680,
The day my second life began
We were caught and boarded by a Moorish galley,
The battle short, the outcome clear
My shipmates died in pain, only I was spared
And sold in a market in Algiers

*They say the fates of men are written on the wind and no-one knows where
they may blow
I was taken in chains by a Barbary corsair; it was in Barbary I found my Lily fair.*

But luck was with me, I found a kindly master and
Learned to serve him and I served him well
And with my new name, clothes and language,
I thought little of my homeland, truth to tell
And when my master died his testament did free me,
With a gift of gold besides
I became a merchant, a man of consequence,
With everything a rich man's life provides

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Then one day in the slaver's market, wide-eyed and trembling,
There among the goods on show
A frightened Cornish girl, snatched from hearth and home,
And pity in my heart did overflow
So I sent for gold and I bought her freedom,
Gave her shelter in my home
And in a few short weeks, love between us grew,
From each other's side we swore we'd never roam

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But she missed her home, she missed her family,
Missed the deep green hills of England's shore
So I knew I must leave my home of twenty years,
For I couldn't live without her anymore
Now before the wind, bound for northern waters,
Watching Barbary's coast subside
Though no man may know just what the future holds,
I'll sail with Lily by my side.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kG6FnUSybxM&feature=related>